

LIFE

HORSE SHOW NUMBER

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HUTT

Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée Railway Company of FRANCE The "P.L.M."

NICE

The gayest place for spending the winter. The most celebrated Carnival in the world.

Races — Regattas — Golf and Tennis Clubs — Two opera companies — Theaters.

Close to Monte-Carlo.

Favorite residence of European Crowned Heads.



NICE



THE ESTÉREL

The ESTÉREL

Ideal ground for winter auto-mobiling. One of the most picturesque countries and easily attainable from all points on the Riviera.

The P. L. M. undertakes at reduced price, and with the greatest care, the forwarding of automobiles between Paris and any point on the Riviera.



CANNES

CANNES

The rendezvous of the highest society whose beautiful villas and gardens are universally admired.

The Regattas organized by the Yacht-Club are attended by the most noted yachtsmen.

Golf-Club presided by H. I. H. Grand-Duke Michael of Russia.



CHAMONIX

CHAMONIX

Unsurpassed country for winter sport.

Skiing — Tobogganing — Skating.

First Class Hotels — Steam-heated.

New *train de luxe* "Paris-Chamonix" leaving Paris 8.45 p. m.
arriving Chamonix 11 a. m.



Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Imported Jackets, Waistcoats, Sweaters,
Mufflers, Caps, Gloves and Stockings
in light and heavy weight Shetland
and Angora wool. The patterns and
many of the styles are confined to us.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BROADWAY Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK



“CHESTERFIELD”

A *Cluett*

DRESS SHIRT

will not bulge because the lower
end of the bosom is detached
from the body of the shirt
and will slide down outside
the trouser band. **\$2.00**

Send for booklet, “Proper Dress”

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, Makers of Arrow Collars, 49 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



The Hunter: OH! I BEG YOUR PARDON. I MISTOOK YOU FOR
A DEER.

The Native: NO HARM DONE, MISTER. I RECKON I'D A BIN
SAFE ENOUGH IF YE'D MISTOOK ME FER A BARN DOOR.



To All Good and Bad Little Boys and Girls

Also to all the grown-ups, and to everybody who hasn't yet begun to think seriously of the matter, we desire to say:

The **X**MAS

Number of LIFE

will soon be here. It is due — to be exact — the first week in December.

Now the point is here: You must subscribe to LIFE. If you do it now, this great number of LIFE, consisting of an unprecedented number of pages of screamingly good text and pictures, will be included in your annual subscription.

The price of this Number is 25 cents. Better begin the year right.

Obey That Impulse!

(Five dollars will do it. Send to LIFE, 17 w. 31 St.)

*This has just come in
from a friend:*

We may live without churches
and sermons and prayers;
We may live without razors and
live without hairs;
We may drink without water and
wash without soap,
But where is the man who can
live without hope?

We may live without airships
and automobiles;
We may live in a garret and
go without meals;
We may live without home,
without child, without wife,
But where is the man who can
live without LIFE?

E. R. Currier

Coming.

Next Week — The Airship
Number. A High Flyer.
It will have an uplifting
influence upon you that
you never dreamed of.
When you see it you will
up in the air.

Week After Next — Musical
Number. Harmonious and
melodious, without a dis-
cord. All the latest news
about the Opera, including
real conversations on the
side. Timely, tuneful and
tumultuously hilarious.

Dec. 2 (Out Nov. 30th)—The
Greatest Christmas
Number ever issued, either
here or abroad. (See
above.) No words can de-
scribe it.

Dec. 9 — Book Number.
Literary to the back,
column rule.

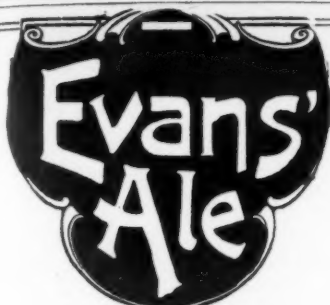
To be followed by the Chorus
Girls Number, the Spinsters Number
and the—well, that Improper Number
is on its way. We say this not
without an inward shudder; but if it's
the last number we ever issue we'll
do it!

Au Revoir.

Subscription \$5

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04



"It's always the weather
when good fellows get together."

Evans' Ale adds to the sociability of all occasions, promotes good fellowship and good cheer.
Leading Dealers and Places
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Est. 1786, Hudson, N. Y.

From Our Readers

Graft?

DEAR LIFE:

Inclosed find an associated press dispatch clipping from the pen of Dr. Page, of Boston, denouncing the appendicitis operating craze. I coincide perfectly with his views, and as your publication has always been foremost in reform work, educating the people to higher standards of morality, justice and humanity, I hope you will continue to agitate against this unnecessary "criminal" practice until a complete reaction is manifest.

Your successful "gag rein" reform of a few years ago, although proving such an equine blessing, was of small moment in comparison to this worst of grafts that has gotten such a hold upon the major portion of the medical profession.

Yours for all that benefits humanity,
T. E. REED.

October 17, 1909.

(Associated Press Dispatch)

BOSTON, Oct. 4.—"An operation for appendicitis should be called a criminal operation, and as such should be prohibited by law," declares Dr. Charles E. Page, one of the best-known Boston physicians.

"As for the widely proclaimed benefits and saving of life by operations to cut the appendix, it seems hardly necessary to cite the long list of deaths following the operation."

The homeopath and the osteopath have been treating appendicitis successfully for years, and without the knife. But the average victim seems to feel that the job is more "thorough" if something is cut out and he can pay in proportion.

Spilman Mixture
Cigarettes

Different from All Others

Box of 10, 25c; 50, \$1.25; 100, \$2.25. Plain or cork tipped. If not at your dealer we send prepaid upon receipt of price.
E. Hoffman Company, Mfrs., 179 Madison St., Chicago.

Ho!

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir:—In regard to the suffragette movement, would it not be apropos to have a picture of women going to vote and call it "Poll Cats"?

Yours truly,
M. T. W.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., Oct. 13.

Never! Never! Goodness gracious!
What does this correspondent take us for?

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted
to last—for time to come—
begin at once their daily
antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15c. Sample and booklet from Park & Tilford, 97 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.



Guy de Maupassant

KING
of All
Short Story
Writers

This is the original American and English copyrighted complete edition, absolutely unexpurgated, in English of this great French writer, translated from the Original Manuscripts by linguists of literary distinction. Wonderful Critical Preface by Paul Bourget, of the French Academy

TALES OF REALISM—RARE ORIENTAL AND PARISIAN STUDIES

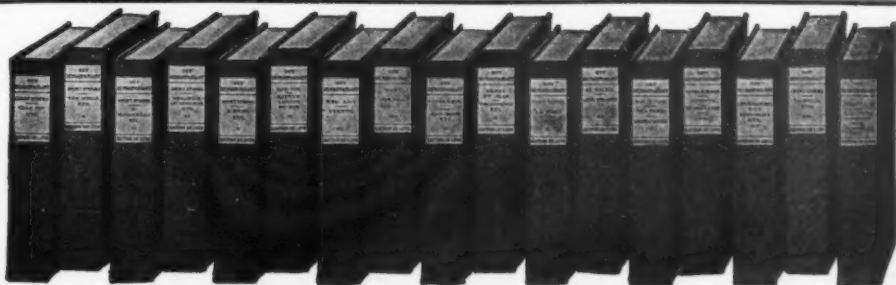
De Maupassant wrote with the conviction that in life there could be no phase so noble or so mean, so honorable or so contemptible, so lofty or so low as to be unworthy of chronicling—no groove of human virtue or fault, success or failure, wisdom or folly that did not possess its own peculiar psychological aspect and therefore demanded analysis.

Robust in imagination and fired with natural passion, his psychological curiosity kept him true to human nature, while at the same time his mental eye when fixed upon the most ordinary phases of human conduct could see some new motive or aspect of things hitherto unnoticed by the careless crowd.

His dramatic instinct was supremely powerful. He seems to select unerringly the one thing in which the soul of the scene is prisoned, and, making that his keynote, gives a picture in words which haunts the memory like a strain of music.

These marvelous, quaint, delicious stories should be a part of every library. Here are given tales of travel and adventure, of mystery and dread, of strange medical experiences, of love and lust, of comedy and pathos that hovers upon the borders of comedy and of tragedy.

MORE REALISTIC THAN BALZAC. MORE ENTERTAINING THAN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS



327 STORIES. NEARLY 6,000 PAGES. ACTUAL SIZE 8 x 5 1/4

"Maupassant was the painter of humanity in words. Without hatred, without love, without anger, without pity, merciless as fire, immutable as fate, he holds a mirror up to life without attempting judgment."

ANATOLE FRANCE,
Member of the French Academy

SEVENTEEN BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES OF DELIGHTFUL READING

consisting of over 5,500 pages, printed from a new cast of French Elzevir type—elegant and clear—on pure white antique egg-shell finished paper, made especially for this edition. Pages have deckle edges and liberal margins. There are 76 illustrations from original drawings. The books are exquisitely bound in blue Vellum De Luxe Cloth, with distinctive brown and gold title label, silk headbands and gold tops.

We reserve the right to withdraw this offer or raise the price without notice.

THE WERNER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

OUR GUARANTEE: Only one complete edition has ever been published in English, and the prices have been beyond the reach of but a few. After many months of ceaseless endeavor, we succeeded in securing the right to publish a limited number of sets, and offer them, for introductory purposes only, at the remarkably low price of \$24.00 a set, on small monthly installments. A strictly subscription set—\$51.00 value. Thus it is within the means of all. We have also arranged to send these beautiful books, all express charges prepaid, and allow you the privilege of ten days examination. If they are not as represented, or unsatisfactory, return them at our expense. CAN ANY ONE BE MORE FAIR?

COUPON SAVES 50%.

You run no risk—
MAIL IT NOW.

THE
WERNER
COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

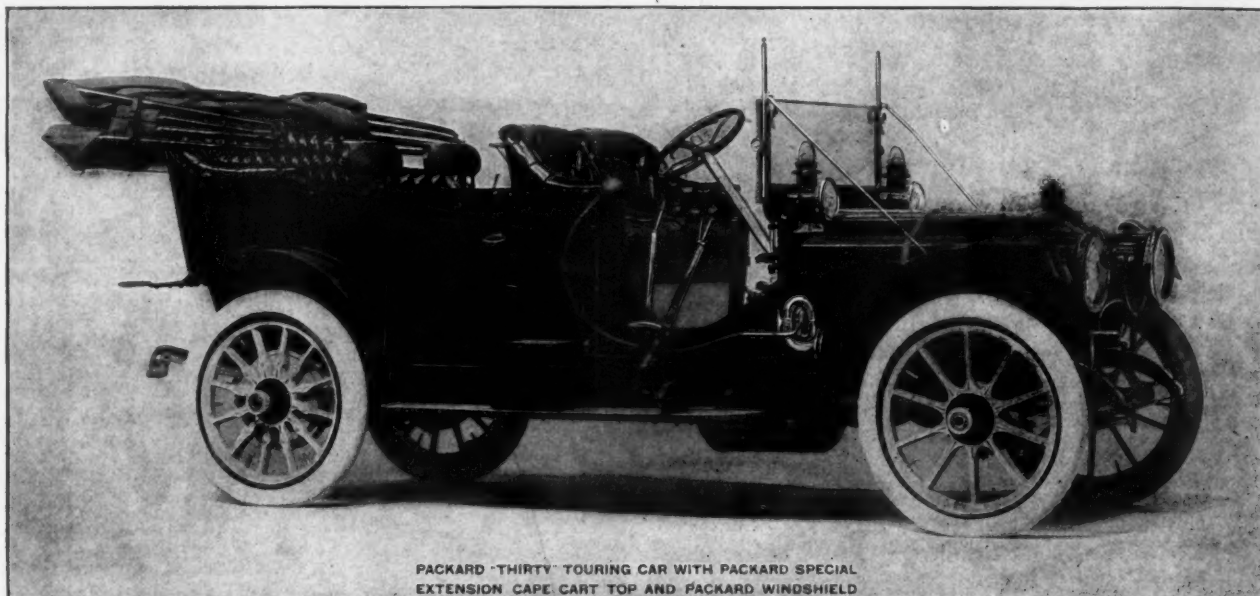
Please send me, charges prepaid, for examination, the complete works of Guy de Maupassant, in Seventeen (17) Volumes, bound in Blue Vellum De Luxe Cloth. If satisfactory, I will remit you \$2.00 at once and \$2.00 per month for eleven (11) months. If not satisfactory, I will advise you within ten days.

Signature.....

Address.....

City.....State.....
Life, 11-11-'09

• LIFE •



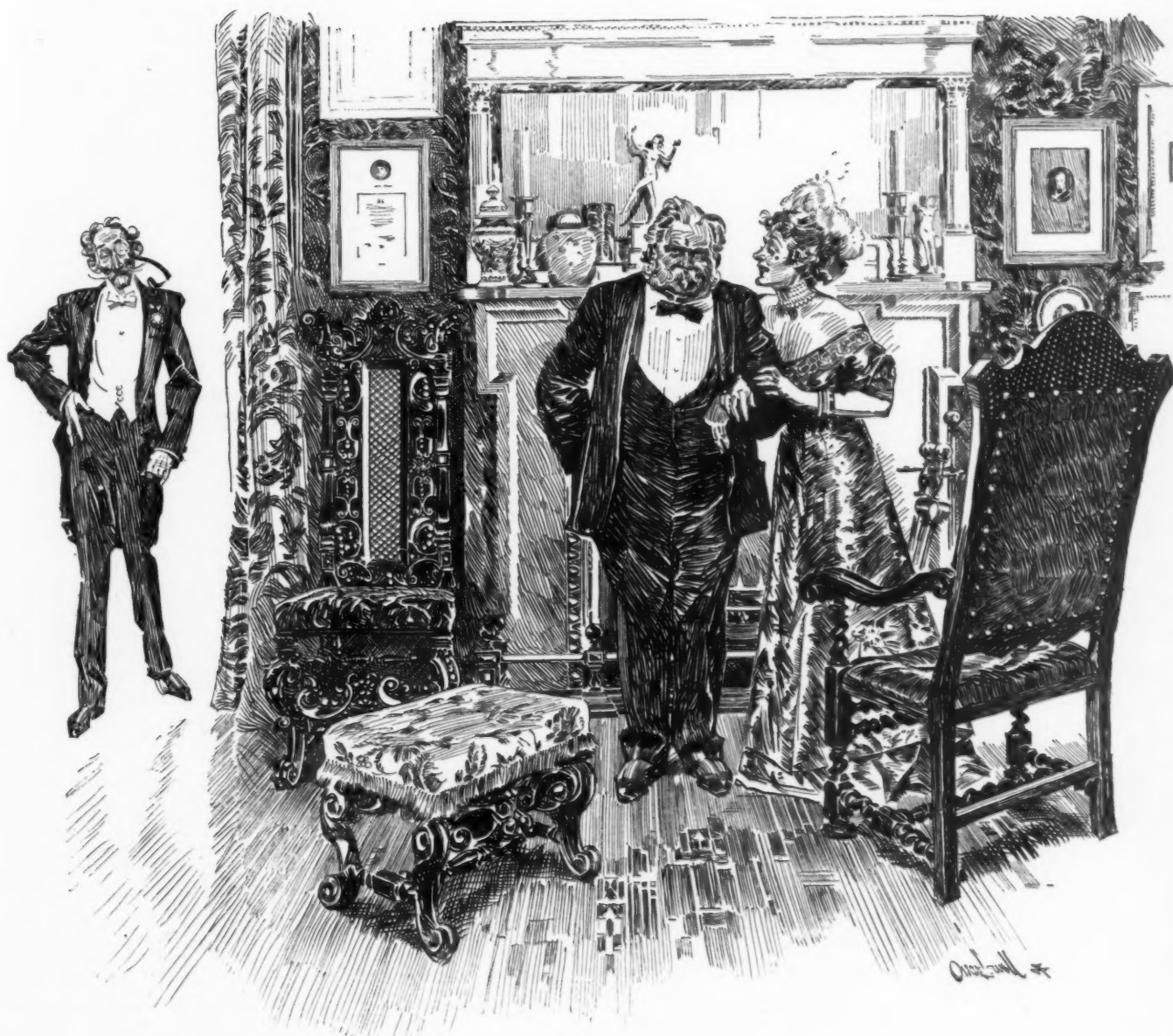
PACKARD 'THIRTY' TOURING CAR WITH PACKARD SPECIAL
EXTENSION CAPE CART TOP AND PACKARD WINDSHIELD

Packard
MOTOR CARS
1910



Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

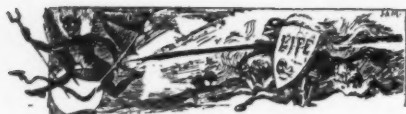
LIFE



Pater: WELL, JANE, I'VE BOUGHT HIM; BUT WHAT CAN YOU SEE IN THAT SECOND-HAND, BROKEN-DOWN, SHOP-WORN OLD PIECE, RICKETY IN THE LEGS?

Jane: CAN IT BE THAT I HAVE INHERITED YOUR PASSION FOR ANTIQUES?

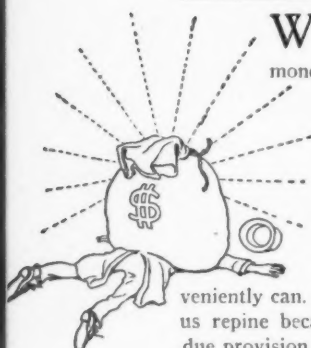
Pater: HUMPH! DON'T FORM A COLLECTION—WE CAN'T AFFORD IT.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIV. NOVEMBER 11, 1919 No. 1411

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres. & A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



WE know pretty well what men do with money. What rich men spend, in spite of what they misspend, makes money look attractive to the common run of observers, and most of us are trying pretty diligently to get as much of it as we conveniently can. And sometimes most of us repine because what we regard as due provision is so hard to get. If we are lazy or thriftless it is just as well that we should repine, enough at least to spur us to livelier efforts or wiser expenditures. But if we are doing about as well as we can it may make for our contentment to take more notice of what money does with men.

In the morning papers as we write is the story that the wife of a very, very rich man, son and grandson and great-grandson of very rich Americans, is suing for a divorce. She is a charming lady; her husband is a man who stands pretty well among men, but no one seems to doubt at all that under the laws of New York she will get her divorce.

Another story in the same paper tells of a child with a badly broken arm, whose father, fifteen miles away, stood anxiously at the telephone all day listening to hear how his daughter was doing and whether she would lose her arm and whether her life was in peril. An automobile stood at the door waiting to carry him to the child if her condition was critical.

Why did it wait? Why didn't he go anyhow?

Because the child was with her mother and the mother had separated from her husband—from a husband

who is the son, the grandson and the great-grandson of Americans renowned for the greatness of their material acquisitions; a very rich man himself, and able, and a good deal regarded among men and the husband of a rich wife.



THAT is the kind of thing that superabundant millions are doing altogether too much to American men and women. They are doing it every day. The cases the paper tells of as above are notable because the people concerned are of good American stock; not new made steel barons of the Pittsburgh nobility, but sons and daughters of reputable rich families who have been inundated with wealth for three or four generations and have had ample time to learn to keep their heads above it.

They don't seem to have learned. It has got them under. With its endless solicitations to hazardous pleasures and selfishness it has upset them and swept out of their grasp the great valuables of life.

Moralists may tell us that these disclosures of the collapse of domestic life, and in a measure of character, under the strain of great wealth detached from duties, are very bad examples to the mass of the people. They are bad enough, to be sure, and a good deal pathetic, and they make one sigh over human nature and sorry for the swimmers that are born, or marry, into currents too strong for them. But as to such examples being dangerous, to us they rather seem salutary advertisements of the folly of those Americans who huckster and grab and plot and sometimes swindle to heap millions on millions and hand them down to their descendants.

The prosperous families of the United States are fairly enviable, for they have the means to give their next generation good training and education and a good start. The overrich families are not enviable! They are running too much to feckless, inconsiderate pleasure; they are spending themselves too much for play, and their means for playthings; they are making too many bad marriages, and

making the worst of them when made; they are handing down to the next generation altogether too large a proportion of damaged character and demoralized standards of conduct, and along with them the superabundant incomes that are likely to get their descendants in still worse scrapes and a still more demoralized mode of life than they have experienced themselves.

Are our very rich fellow citizens a credit to us? Are they a credit to their country? Are they a credit to their money?



THERE are very good people among them. Their family stocks are among the best in the country—stocks that are bound to produce some strong, sound human stuff in every generation. But take them by and large as exemplified in the generation just approaching full maturity, the lives too many of them lead seem neither attractive nor edifying to observers. They lack nobility of aspiration. They are unimportant. Their activities are futile; their moralities are speculative and their fidelities seem to be no more than transient. One watches them and wonders if it was always so, and looks again, and looks and smiles and frowns and turns away. "Good God! give us more character and less money!" is how the dispassionate observer is apt to feel about it. Less money, because the money seems to be the whole trouble. The people, most of them, have good enough stuff in them, but it gets no adequate training. They can have so much without earning that they never earn the things that must be earned. If they were not abnormally rich they could not make the preposterously rotten and disgraceful foreign alliances that some of them do make—and unmake presently with tears and lawyers' fees.

We wish they were a better lot and in a better case. When Washington and Robert Morris and John Hancock were rich men in America they made riches seem worth while. The hereditary young rich in our generation do a contrasted office in making more restricted means seem salutary if not illustrious.



MRS. P. DE V. BLASÉ-ROUNDERS

Society

MR. AND MRS. P. DE V. BLASE ROUNDERS are back in town again. Mrs. Rounders is now an ardent suffragette. So also are Mrs. Brazen Glare, Mrs. J. Gadding-Gadding and Miss Chatter Loud. Mrs. Innittor Dedd also thinks of joining the cause. She says it might be a relief from bridge, although, of course, it is not so intellectual a game.

Society was not surprised to learn of the engagement of Lord Rotten to Miss Phyllis Pokketts. It is merely one more international love match. His lordship, an all-around sport, is often sober, is largely in debt, and there is no reason why the bride's mother should not be happy.

Miss Tootoo Kylling, a granddaughter of the Hon. Damdole Skynn, will be married next month at St. Greed's Church to Mr. Wursen Yuceliss. Miss Amy Goodcatch will be maid of honor and Mr. J. Fatuous Chump will be best man. It was whispered at one time that Miss Kylling might smile upon Mr. Whartor Kadd, but nothing seemed to have come of it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Muchinprint have had a delightful summer at their country estate at Waterstock. Mrs. Muchinprint is—as everybody knows—a daughter of the Hon. Synchon Koppah, and a sister of Mrs. Ollin Bonds.

Miss Funnie Rekkod will spend the coming winter in Paris.

Count Borro and Keap, who married Miss Nina Boodle, and who has been in this country a fortnight, sailed yesterday for France. It has been rumored that the countess is not very happy. But the count seemed cheerful and he is certainly fatter. It was feared at one time that he might have to work for a living.

Mrs. Jimmy Overload had the Billy de Splays at dinner last Thursday.

Willie Jinnanseltz and Fullern A. Godt have each ordered an aeroplane.

Mr. and Mrs. Stock-Sharpe remained late this season at their summer home on the Isle-Be-Jiggerd. Mr. Stock-Sharpe is a thorough sportsman, and loves to shoot things. Mrs. Groundfloor Jones says he can kill anything that is unarmed, from a pigeon to a Wall Street lamb.

Prince Fonda d'Alcoholli and the Princess Fonda d'Alcoholli, who was Miss Ennyole Figure, arrived last week on the *Der Grosser the Sikka*.

Last Thursday afternoon as Mrs. Kallus Pusher was being dressed a button on one of her boots came off.

Minds Meet

"I WISH I had known what a poor cook you were before I engaged you, Bridget."

"I wish you had, mum," said Bridget devoutly.

THE world is full of captains of industry. All they need is money and press notices.



THE NEW APARTMENT

"YES—I OCCUPY THE LARGE ROOM, AND THEN THERE'S A ROOM APIECE FOR THE YOUNGSTERS!"

Her Good Friend

HIS FIANCEE: And, you know, Tom jumped in after me and rescued me from the waves at the risk of his own life!

BELLA: Do you know, if I were in your place, from sheer gratitude I would not—marry him!

A SUPERSTITION is an imaginary truth entirely surrounded by falsehood.



TEAM WORK

Popular Birthdays

JONATHAN OGDEN ARMOUR

Born Nov. 11, 1863

Son of a worthy scion, greeting!
To wish you as many birthdays as the
price of meat is higher than it ought to
be would be a surfeit of benevolence.

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

Born Nov. 11, 1836

To have been forty years editor of
Harper's Magazine and, as the saying is,
to have kept "abreast of the times" is
an accomplishment. During this period
many interesting things have happened.
Literature, like history, has been repeat-
ing itself. Great writers, turning out
masterpieces week after week, have come
—and gone. New schools have arisen
and held their brief sway.

Even an astronomer might quail at the
thought of the number of manuscripts
that Mr. Alden has rejected during this
period. But, serene and undiminished
in his courtliness and vigor, he has kept
his place at the tiller, putting Dr. Osler
to shame and exciting the envy of young
editorial blades who think, doubtless, that
they have come to "know it all."

And so, sir, we give thee good greet-
ing on this thy natal day. Here's more
power to thy elbow and a continuance of
that undiminished enthusiasm so neces-
sary to thy calling!

The Reformer

ISN'T it quite possible that the reformer
whom we are accustomed to pelt
as a pessimist and damn as a disturber
is getting more out of life than most
of us?

There are two ways of doing things:
either in the way in which we just some-
how happened to get started or in a
new way. The conservative is the fel-
low who likes the old way. He is fond
of putting on his political slippers, hik-
ing his feet on the political mantelpiece
and dozing.



A FOUND FOOLISH



THE STARRY HEAVENS

SEEN FROM BROADWAY

The reformer wants to be out finding
new ways. He is a hustler. He takes
some stock in the adage, "Variety is
the spice of life." He is looking for a
good time. The Reverend Mr. Camp-
bell of London, calls it "finding God."
Even the conservative likes to get out of
his shell once in a while. The monotony
palls upon him, even though he is at
the top of the heap with both feet in the
trough.

Real life, worthy of the name, doesn't
travel in plain colors. Plain colors
should be left for old maids who are
the most conservative of all human
types. Life looks best in plaids and

checks and mixed goods, with plenty of
trimming up and down the front and
back and sides.

The reformer adds the trimmings.
He bastes on a strip and asks us what
we think of it. Then we begin to take
sides and argue. Meanwhile, he enjoys
the spectacle and, before we finish, he
is on to the next counter or bargain
sale looking for other novelties.

Ellis O. Jones.

THE man who collects facts is but the
slave of the man who draws ac-
curate conclusions from them.



Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

(No connection with any other establishment)

WE regret to say that the branches we have established in different parts of the country are not doing so well as we expected. Last week our Chicago branch was mobbed by a lot of wives who found that their husbands were undergoing treatment, and our local manager there barely escaped with his life. We have been trying to fill his place ever since, but the applications are naturally very few.

Our 'Frisco, St. Louis and Omaha branches have had similar trouble. And so, after mature deliberation, we have concluded that we shall hereafter do our business from this office, as heretofore. The fact is, it requires such an amount of sympathy and tact to deal with obstinate cases constantly coming along that we can't expect an ordinary person to know how to treat them. We don't believe in boasting, but our friends, and practically all of our customers, seem to be unanimous in the opinion that we have a natural born genius for this business. We had hoped in a number of cases to save traveling expenses by having branches, but it doesn't seem to work. Besides all this, most of our customers like to come on and see us personally and look over our office force and be entertained by our special entertainment committee. Our seeing-the-Tenderloin auto still leaves regularly every hour. We are now employing a blond chauffeur and the auto is crowded.

* * *



THE only exception to the branch offices will be at Salt Lake City. We shall still keep open there, but merely to arrange the business end. When we first started up we undertook to give our Salt Lake City customers our course at the regular price, but we found that no sooner had we cured one wife than another sprang up. Now we employ a local manager and detective to ascertain how many wives a man has before we make a contract with him. We don't care much for the Salt Lake trade, anyway. We only keep it up for practice and on account of conscientious scruples. Money isn't everything, and we feel bound to do all the good we can.

Since abandoning our branches, however, it has come to our notice that several of our old managers, being thrown out of a job, have started up for themselves, and hope to keep away from us our trade.

We mention this not because we care, but merely to warn everybody not to go to any local man. If you have had trouble with your wife, it's in the air. What you really need, first of all, is to come on and get in touch with us. We may not be able to see you personally, but the mere fact that you are in another environment and come into personal contact with the machinery of this office is worth a lot toward a complete cure. Send for our Galaxy of Beauties.

We have received the following:

Dear Sir:

About two months ago I subscribed to your full course of treatment, paying in advance one-half of your fee. I had some doubt about the efficacy of your treatment, and purposely kept you in ignorance of what my wife was. I wanted to see if it was possible to do anything in my case, as you claim to cure anything in the shape of trouble. But things are no better with me, and I write to



Her Protector: HERE COMES YER MA, CLARISSE. QUICK! HIDE BEHIND ME.

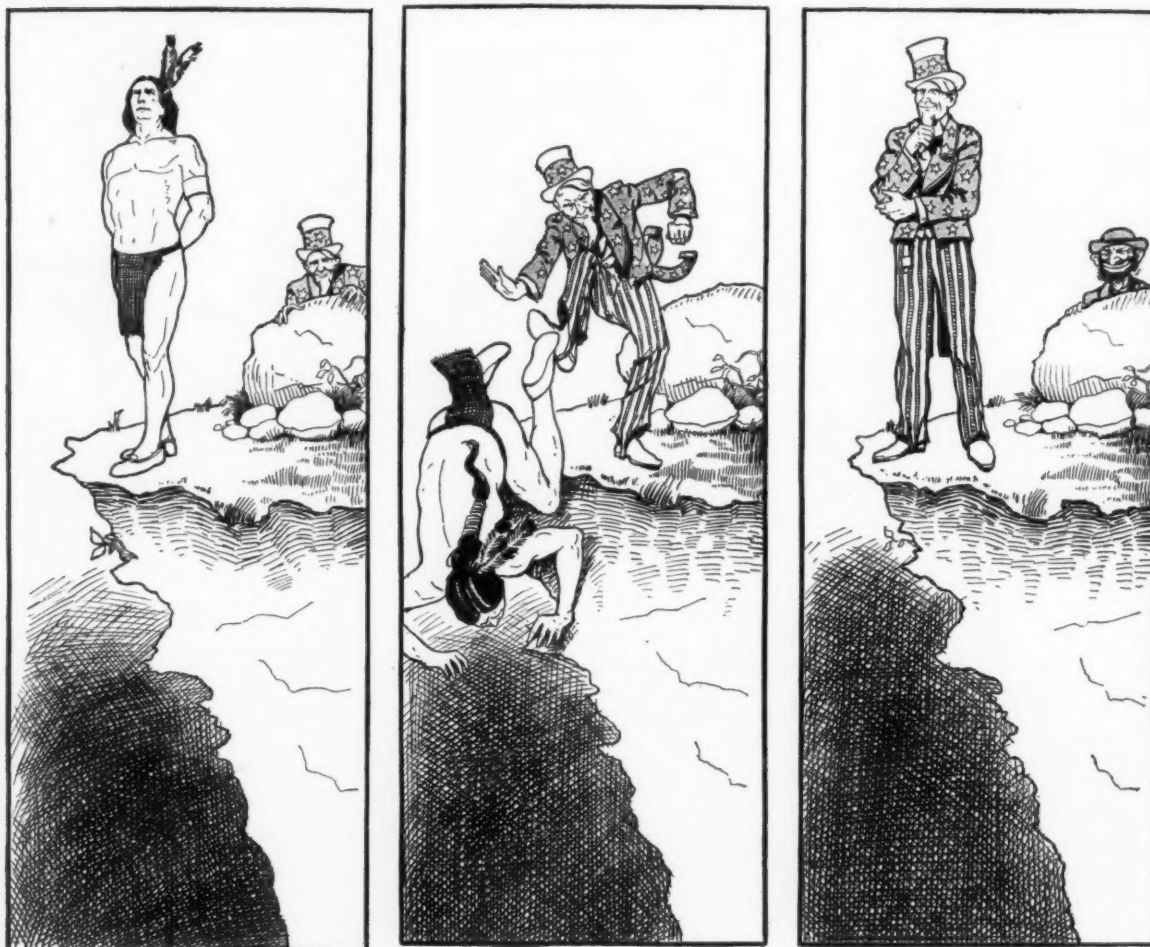
know what you are going to do about it? You are mighty fond of blowing your own horn, but you don't know everything.

Our friend is one of those smart people who love to show they know it all, and do their best to place others at a disadvantage. We have only this to say: When we took his case on we had doubts on account of his reticence in conveying information. So we sent our special agent to his town and discovered that his wife was president of the woman's club, was running for office on the school board, and was working hammer and tongs for the suffragette movement. We therefore cheerfully return his money and wish him joy. He laughs best who laughs last. Besides, we never have said that we could cure every case. This is no miracle factory. If our friend assumes, however, that he can enjoy himself on his next trip to town he is vastly mistaken. We have a special arrangements with the police department to permit only our regular customers to enjoy the benefit of their protection, and if he thinks he can find relief from home troubles from this time on he will know better the first night he strikes town. However, we wish him no particular harm, and any time he wants to send his money back and be reinstated with our entertainment committee we will interpose no objection. We are by no means heartless and any man with a wife like that is entitled to the utmost sympathy.



WE are not soliciting new trade; we have our hands full at present with the many problems presented to us; at the same time, while we have our health and strength left, we intend to do as much as we can for all the suffering husbands in this country. We feel that it would be wrong for us to limit our field. Our new application blanks are ready, and we ask that they be filled out promptly and returned to us with the customary fee. We don't insist upon payment in advance, but we can wait on you more promptly if it is inclosed. Any husband feeling the need of our services should fill out the questions that follow:

The History of the United States in Five Chapters



APPLICATION BLANK

All communications strictly confidential.

Name and address.....
 How long married.....
 Wife's age (approximately).....
 When did you first begin to have trouble.....
 Is your wife mean, vindictive, jealous, talkative, ferocious, nagging, extravagant, intellectual or musical.....
 Is she addicted to the habit of collecting old furniture, having her relatives constantly around, reading aloud, playing bridge, dragging you out to entertainments or church, changing furniture from one room to another or making you knitted silk cravats...
 Have you ever tried any rival agency.....
 Remarks..... Signed.....
 N.B. No Christian Science or Suffragette cases taken.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

(Write, call, wire or cable. Open day and night.)

"PARKER and his wife have separated."
 "What are the terms?"
 "They each get their cook for six months."

A good many self-made men are ashamed of it.

A Path of Roses

ONE thing is sure. The suffragists are laboring under a great advantage in the fact that their question is so simple. It needs no elaborate explanation. When one talks about Christian Science, Single Tax, Socialism, Free Silver, Pragmatism, New Thought, etc., the first question one meets is: "Now just what do you mean" by one of these things? This promptly throws the burden on the advocate. He must know not only what he believes, but he must be able to state it succinctly. Usually books must be recommended which people do not find the time or the patience to peruse. They may be all right if we only understood.

But when women say "We want the vote," there is hardly any one this side of the jungle who would ask: "Now just what do you mean by wanting the vote?" It is not a question of high vote or low vote, protective vote or for revenue only, ad valorem or specific, graduated, reciprocal or pertinent to any divine ratio. Most of all, it cannot be charged with making for paternalism.

E. O. J.



Our "Lady of the Snows"

A SOLITUDE speaks to a Nation,
A Queen sends word from her throne:

"Daughter am I in my father's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close;
And I set my house in order,"
Says our Lady of the Snows.

Please Invent an Artificial Tree

THE recent efforts of New York to make known to all the world that it has been discovered and is situated on a river navigable by steamboats has stirred the cautious Emperor of Japan to send the city a lot of ornamental Japanese cherry trees.

They will be very welcome. We understand that they are to be set out in

Riverside Park, and we hope they will do well there, for the island of Manhattan is not at all strong in its exhibitions of arboriculture, nor of floriculture either. There are no flower shows on the island that hold a candle to the displays in the Boston Public Gardens. We have some tulip beds in the spring, but none to compare in beauty or variety with the Boston tulips.

As to trees, our case is equally bad. Those in the parks are beautiful, to be sure, but we hear from time to time that most of them are in bad health because the soil they stand in is exhausted. There will continue, though, to be trees in the parks, even if the city has to buy some new dirt. Our greatest need is of shade trees in the streets. There were some in upper Broadway, but the subway builders extirpated them and they have never been successfully replanted.

The Tree Planting Association got a good many trees set out in residence streets here, but very few of them have come to anything. How can a tree prosper that is planted in asphalt and rooted in gas pipes, wire ducts and sewers, which are torn up every year or two and the trees with them? The thing cannot be done. Shade trees here, except in the parks, are a dismal failure.

Can't somebody invent an artificial shade tree, without roots, suited to the streets of such cities as ours? Is Burbank wizard enough to make a three-inch gas pipe throw out branches? Aaron could have done it, and so could the magicians of Pharaoh. Perhaps effort of precisely that sort is out of date, but the manufacture of some kind of an artificial shade tree, or something to take the place of shade trees in cities like New York, is worth the attention of practical minds.

Of course the natural remedy for our predicament is to lay the city out new and make provision for natural trees; but that's impossible and inexpedient anyhow, because there isn't really room to grow more natural trees on Manhattan Island so long as so many people insist upon living on it. Neither is there room for natural trees in the business streets of any city. Anybody who can put on the market a serviceable, artificial shade tree that will shut up in winter ought to make a fortune.

E. S. M.

STUDIOUS YOUTH: Say, pa, who was the last man to discover the pole first?



"WHAT'S THAT ABOUT THE CAT FAMILY?"



HER STEADY COMPANY

An Arctic Forecast

LET men delight to bark and bite
Their strife o'er polar goals
Will fade to insignificance
When women reach the polls.

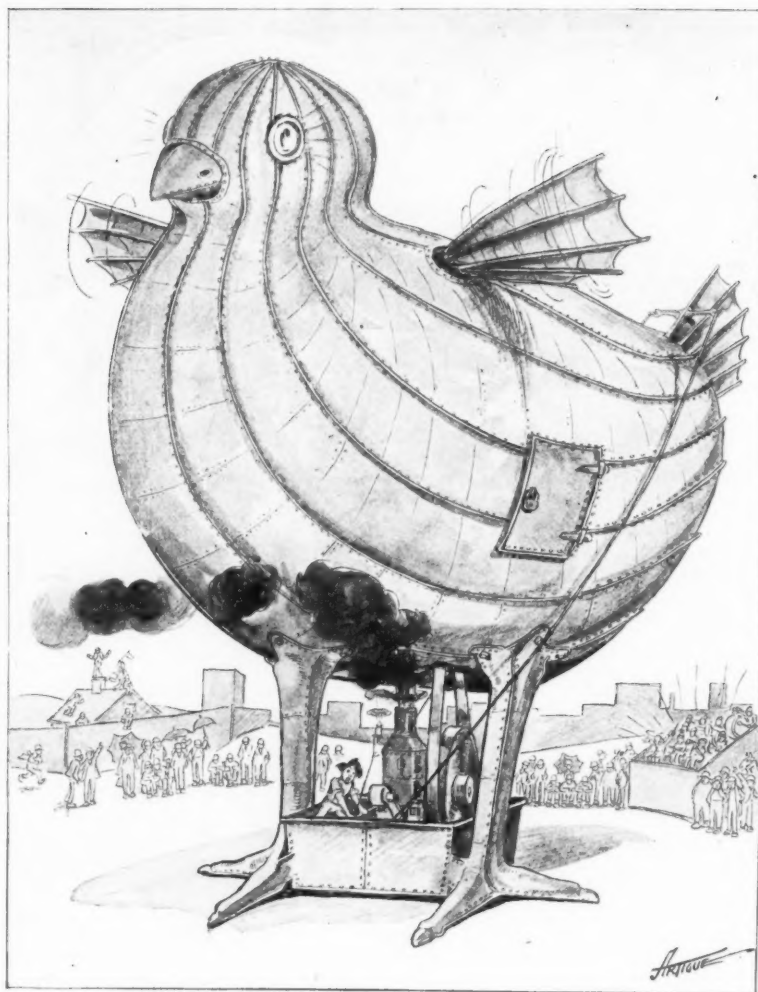
An Acrostic

Canned culture.
Harsh hyperbole.
Intense idiosyncrasies.
Callow capitalism.
Adulterated ambition.
Garrulous grandiloquence.
Obfuscated orientation.

MRS. HOWARD: They say there isn't any such thing as an immovable body.

MR. DRYGOODS: Hm! I guess they haven't seen anyone in our latest corset.

ALL of us think quantities of thoughts. It is the quality that counts.



ABOUT 1912

LAUNCHING A WARSHIP

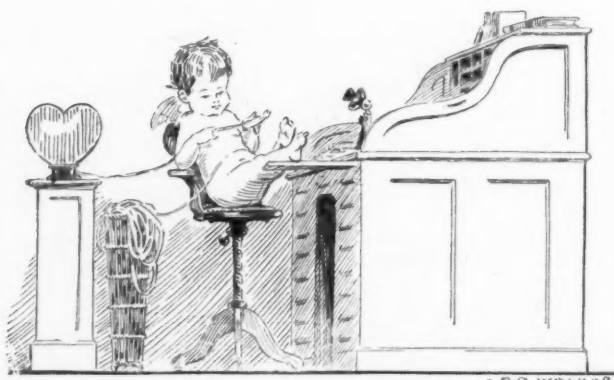
Reasons for Divorce

OUR neighbor the *World* wants to know. Remarking that the Bureau of Labor at Washington has established the fact that divorces are three times more numerous now than they were a generation ago, it says:

What is the trouble? Why is it that of every 1,000 American men, women and children ten have been divorced and another ten perhaps have separated from their marital partners? What is it in the lives of so many of the younger generation of Americans that renders them incapable of matrimonial happiness?

Why so many divorces?

First, because of the decline of authority. Everybody in this country wants to be his own boss, and is so, as far as possible. Nobody wants to obey unless obedience matches inclination. The ancient superstition that the husband is the head of the family and his wife must mind him is thoroughly exploded. Husbands nowadays seldom demand or ex-



"THE TICKER"



THE BRIDAL CHORUS

pect obedience, nor do wives suggest it. The basis of contemporary American marriage is agreement. When that fails the parties quit. The prejudice against their quitting is very much weaker than it was a generation ago. They suffer much less social damage by divorce than they did then and can easier marry again and go on.

Second, because there are so many more ways than there were a generation ago for a woman to make a living. Marriage is less important to women as a means of support than it was then.

Third, because the price of living is so high. Men abandon their wives in shocking numbers because the job of maintenance is heavy and they get tired of it. This happens very extensively among the poorer people. "Workingmen" who dislike to work are much addicted to it.

Fourth, because women require much more and give less than they did a generation ago. They have been carefully endowed by law in most States with rights and privileges proper to independence. Their private fortunes, if they have any, are their own; their earnings are their own; they have a claim on their husbands' estates and a legal right to be supported by their husbands, but their legal obligations to their husbands are few and slight, and difficult, such as they are, to exact by law.

Fifth, because distractions have greatly increased in American life in a generation. Cheap amusements abound, electric lights, cheap shows, cheap newspapers, cheap transportation. Everybody reads the one-cent papers, including the advertisements. The common run of people have more ideas in their heads, run about more, want more things and live much more stimulated lives than they did a generation ago.

Sixth, church influences, for the time being, are weaker



A HAPPY MEDIUM



"HAVE YOU STOPPED TAKING BOARDERS?"

"THE GREEDY THINGS WERE EATING ME OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME."

than they used to be, and dramatic influences are more pervasive. Church influences favor continuity in marriage; dramatic influences favor variety.

There are plenty more reasons, but six are enough. The wonder is that, in the face of such convincing reasons as these, about nine marriages in every ten still hold good. All things considered, marriage seems incorrigibly popular even in this restless and progressive country. The united state being difficult and expensive to achieve, it is bad business for those who have attained to it to relapse back into the condition of the untied.

Surgery

SURGERY is the art of finding some part of the human body which is not needed, or which at least can readily be dispensed with, and cutting it out.

Surgery is yet in its infancy. Thus far it has practically been confined to the negative or destructive side. Inasmuch, however, as the dispensable portions of the human body are necessarily limited, statisticians having already discovered that the appendix supply can hold out but a few years longer, surgery in the future bids fair to become positive and constructive. Necessity is the mother of invention. It is almost certain, therefore, that long before we have a panic due to appendix shortages a use will be found for this now much-despised organ, and, in consequence, the surgeons will at once get busy putting them all back.

It may be seen, therefore, that surgery is by no means on its last legs.

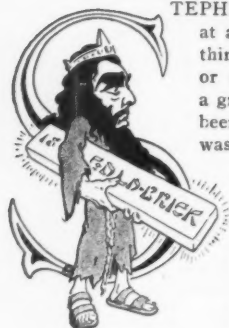
Thanatopsis

S O live, that when thy summons comes to join
That quickly forgotten caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where Dun's reports
Obtain no credit in the book of doom,
Thou go not like the sorry Wall Street lamb,
Glued to the ticker; but, sustained and soothed
By several opulent trusts, approach thy grave
Like one who opes his safe deposit vaults,
Takes out his stock and clips his coupons.

Ellis O. Jones.



In Blank Verse.—Our Deadly Femininity



STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "Herod" is given to us at a time when literary quality is about the last thing in the drama that we look for, expect or demand. Therefore "Herod" is acclaimed a greater work than it might be deemed if it had been produced in a period when more attention was given to method and manner of dramatic expression. Neither on the stage nor in the library does this example of Mr. Phillips's talent impress one as belonging in a very high order of scholarly and poetic accomplishment. It is not verse that sings, and in many places it savors more of literary affectation than of the inspiration that gives spontaneity to a true poet's choice of terms.

But it is a serious effort and in a commendable direction even if it fails of great impressiveness. Without the author's text at hand one might be tempted to believe that the faulty elocution of Mr. Faversham and Miss Opp were responsible for the lack of moving power in Mr. Phillips's lines. Reference to his work shows that imperfect as the diction of the actors the fault was not entirely theirs. Even so good a reader as Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe could be excused for failing to lend dignity to such an alliterative line as

It is the fault of dreamers to fear fate.

Nor did it add poignancy to the scene when Mr. Faversham was forced to describe himself as the Herod

That fired the robbers out of Galilee.

There are other instances of the author's lack of felicity in expression which might explain the failure of his play to stir its hearers deeply notwithstanding that he has a tragic story to tell and sets it forth in orderly dramatic fashion.

o o o o o o o o

No fault can be found with the stage setting of "Herod." It is based on the English production by Tree, and the effective costuming of the very large number of persons on the stage is from the designs of Mr. Percy Anderson. The one scene that is used represents the audience hall in Herod's palace and is a gorgeous and finished stage picture. Animated

by an admirably handled crowd, waving palms and cheering, the whole thing became a combination of color, sound and motion the like of which is not often seen and which was inspiring.

Commendable as is Mr. Faversham's ambition in adding a play of this character to his repertory, it cannot be said that his own performance of the title part was distinguished from any but the pictorial point of view. While both he and Miss Opp were effective in stature and costume the latter carried no impression of the blue blood of the Maccabees, and Mr. Faversham gave no idea of the qualities that made this Herod called "the Great." In the cast the most notable impersonation was the Gadias of Mr. Cliffe. Here is an actor who knows how to read his lines and to characterize the part he plays. He belongs to a school of which we have entirely too few representatives on our stage.

"Herod" is interesting, but it is more pretentious than great.

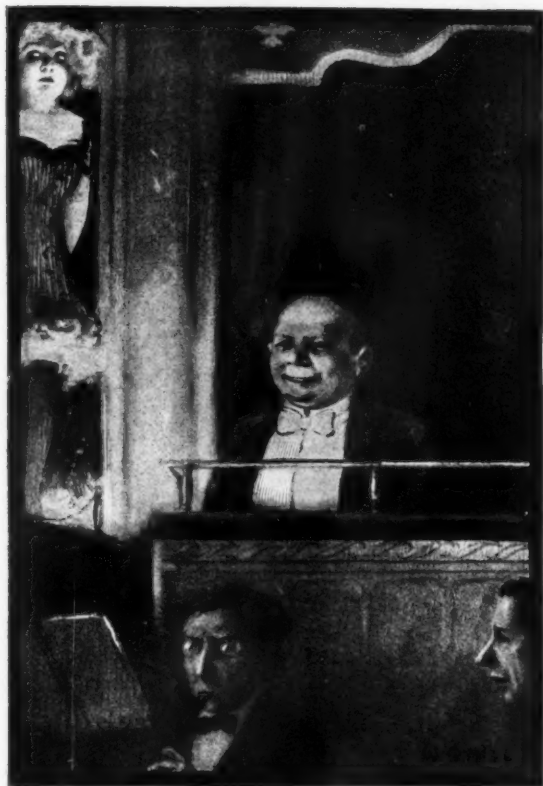


OW much better it would be if it were possible for authors to see a few performances of their plays and then take them off for a season and re-write them—that is if authors were competent to see the defects of their own work. Mr. Alfred Sutro, for instance, has come near to writing a very delightful play in his "The Builder of Bridges." Up to nearly the finish of his third act he has his audience with him. Then, instead of making its conclusion a quick, strong climax, he lets his hero have a long speech in which are rehearsed to the point of weariness things and thoughts which the audience has already learned or divined. Result,



IN THE ARCTIC REGION

"WELL, YOUNG MAN, DO YOU EXPECT TO STAY HERE ALL NIGHT? YOU HAVE BEEN HERE THIRTY-EIGHT DAYS ALREADY."



THE PEOPLE OUT FRONT

THE CAREFUL FATHER.

He won't let his daughter attend such a show,
This model of fatherly care;
It's awfully spicy, besides—should she go—
He's afraid that she might see him there.

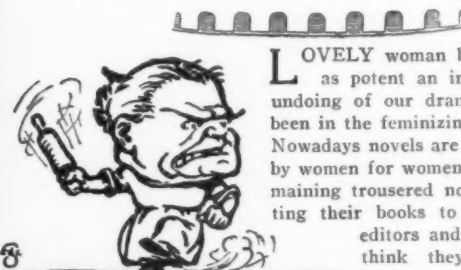
a reaction and feeling of lassitude, and the last act is endured more than enjoyed.

Treated seriously, the story—that of a girl trying by the disposal of her hand to save her brother from the consequences of a defalcation—might have been made a strong drama. Mr. Sutro, with his ear to the ground, has preferred to make it more a polite comedy. Nowadays audiences are sophisticated without knowing it, and unconsciously they feel the defect mentioned. Therefore "The Builder of Bridges" fails to grip the interest, although it is very far from being stupid or amateurish.

In its acting the work of Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Whiffen brought back an aroma of old times, when finished artists were comparatively more often seen than to-day. Mr. Bellew has a part where his white hairs are in keeping and his charm of speech and manner make it credible that the heroine has fallen in love with him. Mrs. Whiffen is one of those delightfully simple-minded old English ladies who are stronger in their sense of the importance of little things than in their mentality. Gladys Hanson, who is the much distraught heroine, finds the part a little too exacting for powers that are promising but not yet fully developed. Mr. Stallard, who admits that when he looks in the mirror he understands perfectly why his sweetheart threw him over, makes the unat-

tractive old clerk a delightful character. The remainder of the cast is competent.

"The Builder of Bridges" is pleasant entertainment but not much more.



LOVELY woman bids fair to be as potent an influence in the undoing of our drama as she has been in the feminizing of our fiction. Nowadays novels are written mostly by women for women. The few remaining trousered novelists are fitting their books to the liking of editors and publishers who think they know what women want and are giving it to them. America is the modern country of the Amazons, and we males, who are about to become extinct, might as well admit it.

Our stage has lately supplied two delightful examples of feminine influence. The authors of "The Fourth Estate" and "Israel" each gave to their plays a logical, forceful and consistent ending. In each the curtain went down on the suicide of the hero. In the case of "The Fourth Estate," after three or four performances, this ending was changed so as to bring the curtain down on the hero still alive and with the heroine in his arms. The American woman simply would not have the hero killed off, although her demand for a "happy ending" deprives the moral of the play of half its force and makes the conclusion a tame one instead of a most ingenious and artistic climax.

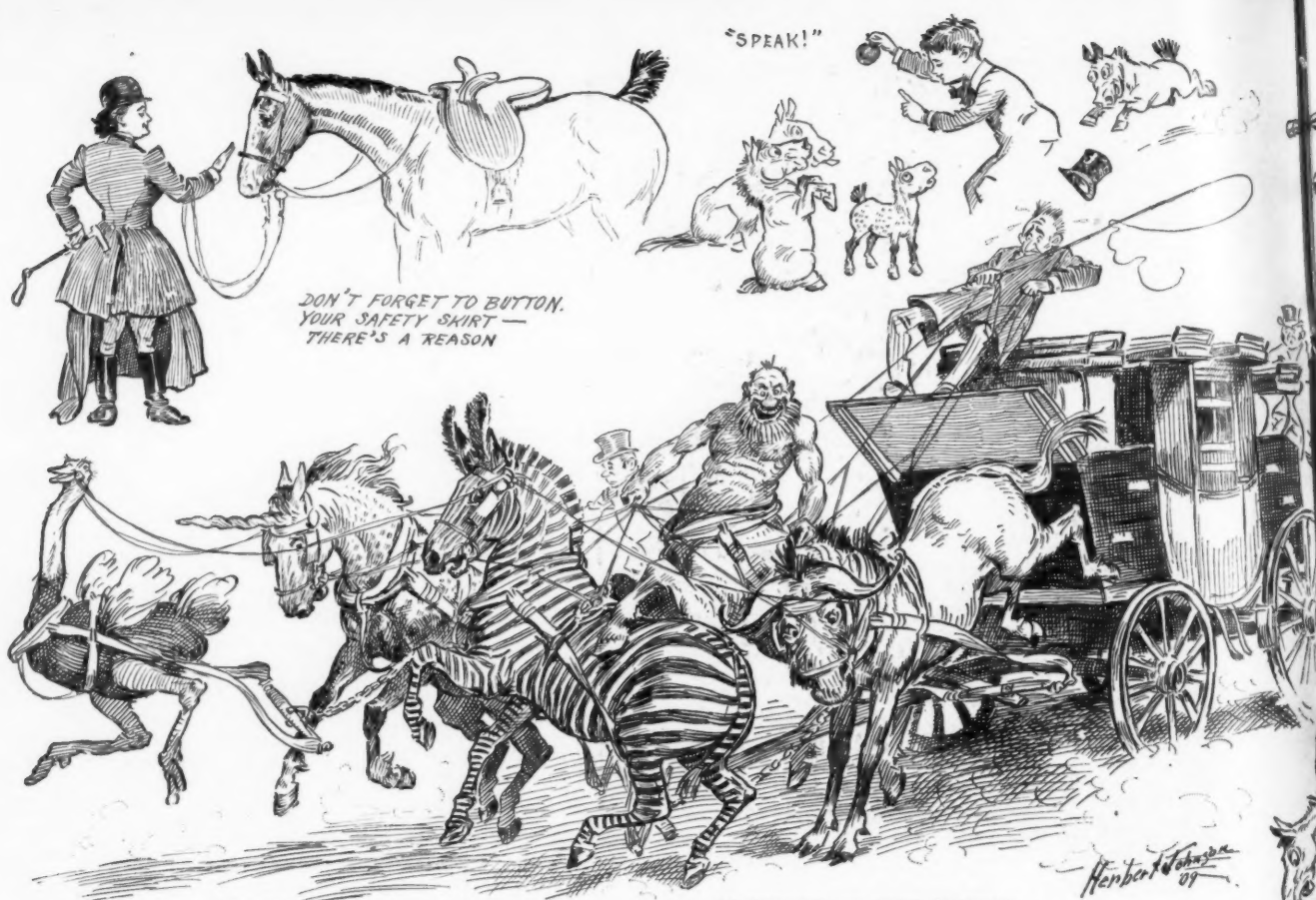
In the case of "Israel" the play was performed in Paris as the author wrote it. The French have a better knowledge and a higher appreciation of the essentials of art than our theatregoing women. But when Mr. Frohman brought "Israel" to America he had one of his journeyman dramatists feminize the play by the adding of another character, a nice young girl whose sole function is to provide the play with a happy—and in this case perfectly absurd—ending. In the case of this hero is was an impossibility for him to go on living after he had discovered that his Catholic mother was an unfaithful wife and that he was the son of a hated Jew. But to please the American woman this young man, who held his position among his associates largely on account of his anti-Semitism, is pictured at the final curtain with his arms about his mother and his fiancée, both of whom knew his secret and would have grown to despise him for his lack of fortitude.

Perhaps the devotion of the American man to musical comedy has made it necessary for the legitimate stage to cater only to the undeveloped artistic sense of the American woman. Very well, then.

Metcalfe.



SCALP TREATMENT
EARLY AMERICAN



NOVEL APPEARANCE OF SOME AMERICAN
EXHIBITS IF THE ENGLISH HORSE
MARKETS SHOULD BE CLOSED BY WAR





A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

"LIFTING THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP" - LIVELY LITTLE SPECIALTY BY THE MEADOWBROOK TEAM

HORSE BACK RIDING AFFORDS ENDLESS CHARM FOR THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

The LATEST BOOKS

IT is necessary, when motoring in the mountains, to adjust one's carbureter to the thinner air of the higher altitudes, else one's engine will lag or take to missing. Likewise, in reading Mr. Henry James, it is necessary to make an analogous mental adjustment if one is to avoid similar annoyances. But—and the question applies to both cases—is it worth while to tinker with so delicate a piece of mechanism when one is only staying a few hours in the hills? Mr. James has just published, in a separate volume, a single short story, *Julia Bride*—a story in which the subjective tragic-comedy of a sordid situation is deployed with infinite skill, a sort of dehumanized humor, and the rarified verbal atmosphere of ten thousand feet above sea level. If one had just finished *The Ambassador*—if one had been, so to speak, touring for some time above the clouds—one could read it with the keenest enjoyment. If one could adjust a carbureter, mental or mechanical, as one changes gears, one would gladly and profitably make the adjustment. But it takes fifty miles of travel to regulate an air valve and fifty pages of Mr. James to regulate our responsiveness; while *Julia Bride* contains but eighty-three pages. And—as Mr. James himself would say—there we are.

IT is not altogether clear whether *The Southerner*, which claims to be a novel and is declared to be the autobiography of Nicholas Worth, is or is not a piece of purely imaginative fiction by an anonymous writer. But there is no question that the book places before us, with an earnestness not to be mistaken, and with a simplicity that is equally impressive whether it be born of skill or of naïveté, the convictions of a straightforward and candid mind. Nicholas Worth was born in the South before the war, was educated at a local college, graduated from Harvard and returned to fight for free schools, free speech and the burial of dead issues in his native State. And his life, while a "story," and an interesting one, is essentially a report of progress, a confession of faith and a plea for mutual understanding addressed by the new South to the new nation.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S new novel, *John Marvel, Assistant*, also takes the form of an autobiography written by a Southerner. But Henry Glave (for John Marvel only figures in a few of the nearly six hundred pages that bear his name) is in reality, although without knowing it, a survival of the old and not a representative of the new South. Of course if the aim of the book were a study of this type—an appreciation of its ideals and an exposition, however sympathetic, of its foibles—this fact would constitute an excellent basis for interpretative fiction; all the more so as the book deals with contemporaneous issues, with modern city life and modern economic conflicts. But Mr. Page not only exhibits no such interpretative purpose, but seems to be as unconscious of any need for it as Henry Glave himself. In fact, in a sense, the two are one; for Glave is not only the protagonist of Mr. Page's rather elaborately manipulated drama but the constant mouthpiece of his casual opinions, with the somewhat curious result that what appears to be offered as progressive criticism of current conditions is, in effect, a romance for reactionaries.

IT seems rather a pity to refer to W. Warde Fowler's volume upon *Social Life in Rome in the Age of Cicero* as a historical treatise, because, for reasons that we remember only too well, the mere name of history makes many persons thirsty. However, Mr. Fowler's book is not only a historical treatise but it is as interesting as though it weren't. Of course real history never condescended to pay any attention to such matters as what Cicero ate for breakfast, or how he spent his time between orations, or whether his poorer fellow citizens lived in model tenements or in the suburbs; so that the present author had to get his information where he could find it. This was partly in references scattered through Latin literature and partly in letters that old Romans of that day wrote to one another and that have happened to be preserved. And it is really quite astonishing what a picture he has constructed out of these bits. In fact it is something like a picture puzzle with a number of the pieces gone, and one has both the pleasure of

watching the design come out and the excitement of trying to guess the missing parts.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Julia Bride, by Henry James. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
The Southerner, being the autobiography of Nicholas Worth. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
John Marvel, Assistant, by Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero, by W. Warde Fowler. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.



The Ounce of Prevention

SEVERAL doctors appeared before our Tammany Mayor the other day asking for money to fight tuberculosis.

LIFE hopes they will get it.

But if these benevolent scientists really wish to conquer tuberculosis—or any other disease—why persist in injecting other people's diseases into healthy bodies? There is a rather solid belief in this country—all wool and a yard wide—that tuberculosis will continue to consume us so long as Dr. Vaccine Virus is allowed to pour petroleum on the flames.



Je viens de rencontrer un homme
 Who seemed to emerge from a slum.
 Quand je lui demandait
 "You want work, do you, eh?"
 Said "Travailler? Jamais! Homo Sum!"



Benjamin Buzzy: I SUPPOSE IT'S A HEAP OF TROUBLE TO RUN A BIG SHOW LIKE THIS?

Mr. Humbug: WELL! I SHOULD GUESS YES, WHEN THE SKELETON DUDE, FOR INSTANCE, KEEPS KICKING FOR LONG PANTS.

Tobacco

THE campaign against tobacco will soon be on. Signs are not lacking that this is to be the next reform movement.

For one thing, tobacco is not good for Marathon races; and as everybody in this country is either running a Marathon race, or soon will be, tobacco is doomed.

Smoking was first practiced by the Indians, and then spread to England and Scotland. Sir Walter Scott tells of a number of bishops meeting in a country house, and of discover-

ing that each bishop immediately upon retiring to his room at night promptly began to smoke up his chimney. Bishops are not so particular now. They smoke in full view of their parishes. In smoking cigarettes, ladies have recently become pre-eminent. This seems to be a corollary to the woman suffrage movement.

Cigars are usually divided into three classes, namely: Those you buy when you are feeling rich, those you buy when you are feeling poor, and the ones given to you by friends. The best friend is always the one who permits you to smoke your own cigars if you want to.



With the Autumn Poets

The Last Rose of Summer

'T is the last rose of summer left blooming alone.
All her lovely companions are faded and gone,
But never a grief can her smiling unsettle—
She knows she is worth seven dollars a petal.

The Revengeful Poet

"Oh, where did yesterday's sunset go
When it faded down the hills so low?"
Thus said a poet last night to me
As we sat alone by the silent sea,
And I
Did thus reply:
"Well, it looked to me, as I watched it slide
Down the burgeoning hills on the western side,
As if it were going kerchoo, kerplunk,
To spend a few minutes at Kennebunk."
And he with a wild and an echoing cry
Collided his fist with my bright blue eye,



Apodictic

And turned it black
As a collier's sack
As we sat by the silent sea!
—Lippincott's.

A Little Social Affair

A woman, dirty and disheveled, went into a public dispensary with her right arm bruised and bleeding. As the surgeon applied the necessary remedies he asked: "Dog bite you?"

"No, sorr," the patient replied, "another loidy."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Cold Comfort

In a country store a young boy was under discussion by the cracker-barrel committee. Jones had just remarked, "That boy's a regular fool. He don't know nothing; he doesn't know enough to come in when it rains." Then he discovered the boy's father, who had overheard the remark, and, wishing to appease him, he said: "Wall, Sam, 't ain't your fault. You learned him all you knew."—*Lippincott's*.

TEACHER (to dull boy in mathematics): You should be ashamed of yourself. Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor.

PUPIL: Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States.—*Boston Transcript*.

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Mme. Thompson

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A Crank's Thanksgiving

Like others, I'm grateful for plenty to eat: I'm fond of a plateful of rich turkey meat. For pies in the cupboard, and coal in the bin, for tires that are rubbed and motors that spin; for all of my treasures, for all that I earn, for comforts and pleasures, my thanks I return. I'm glad that the nation is greasy and rich, acquiring high station with nary a hitch; her barns are a-bursting with mountains of grain; her people are thirsting for glory and gain. She'll ne'er backward linger, this land of our dads, for she is a dinger at nailing the scads. I'm glad that our vessels bring cargoes across, while counting-rooms wrestle with profit and loss; that men know the beauties of figures and dates, and tariffs and duties, and railway rebates.

I'm glad there are dreamers not industry-drunk, surrounded by schemers whose god is the plunk. I'm glad we've remaining incompetent jays, not always a-straining, in four hundred ways, to run down and collar one big rouble more, to add to the dollar they nailed just before. I'm glad there are writers more proud of their screeds than board of trade fighters of options and deeds. I'm glad there are preachers who tell of a shore where wealth-weary people need scheme never more.

For books that were written by masters of thought; for harps that were smitten with Homeric swat; for canvases painted by monarchs of art; for all things untainted by tricks of the mart; for hearts that are kindly, with virtue and peace, and not seeking blindly a hoard to increase; for those who are grieving o'er life's sordid plan; for souls still believing in heaven and man; for homes that are lowly with love at the board; for things that are holy, I thank Thee, O Lord!—Walt Mason in *American Magazine*.

THE GENTLEMAN AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS: Greatest difficulty getsh here 't all. F'got whether you told me t' have two drinks an' come home at eleven, or elevensh drinks an' come home at two.—*The Sketch*.



Melba as Marguerite in Faust



Farrar as Gio-Cio-San in Padma-Bou



Caruso as Vasco di Carne in L'Africaine



Schumann-Heink as Brunhilde in Die Walkure



Tetrzzini as Lucia

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IN THE MORNING ON ARISING TAKE 1/2 GLASS OF Hunyadi Janos

THE BEST NATURAL LAXATIVE WATER

A bottle of HUNYADI JANOS should be in every bathroom, ready for use when needed. It is the most perfect Natural Laxative known—biliousness, torpid liver, sick headache and similar disorders are strangers to those who use it.

Too Much Like Work

The happy mother of a seven-month-old baby, whose chief business seems to be making a noise in the world, was paying her sister a visit, and the other evening young Master Harry, aged seven years, was delegated to care for the baby while his elders were at dinner. So he wheeled it back and forth, forth and back, the length of the library, giving vent to his sentiments by singing, much to the amusement of the family:

"Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me."

Ladies' Home Journal

The Costliest Thing That Grows

Some Turkish tobacco—from the foot of the mountains—is the costliest thing that grows.

One can buy fifty pounds of some Turkish tobacco for the cost of one pound of this.

Thus comes that infinite difference in Turkish tobaccos, and the cigarettes they make.

Egyptian Deities

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

We employ in Turkey an army of men to secure the very cream of the crops.

They cover the country on horseback to pick out the leaves with exquisite aroma.

Yet these leaves are picked over four times—leaf by leaf—and 94 per cent. are discarded.

One man will pick out about two pounds per day that are fit for Egyptian Deities.

This selected tobacco, when properly blended, makes the most delectable cigarettes that the world ever knew.

They are made by hand—one by one—and are submitted to six inspections.

There are many cigarettes with enticing names—many made of Turkish tobacco.

But there was never a brand with the ambrosial aroma that you find in Egyptian Deities.

10 for 25 cents. Cork Tips or Plain

Every box of "EGYPTIAN DEITIES" bears the fac-simile signature of S. ANARGYROS
Factory and Depot: New York City (A Corporation)



The Retort Courteous

"Oh, husband, wake up!" cried the wife in affright,

"I am sure there's a burglar downstairs."

"Go down, then," said hubby; "you told me last night

Not to meddle in household affairs."

—The Sphinx.

A WITTY WOMAN has coined the word "muncheon" to describe one of Horace Fletcher's feasts.—Good Housekeeping.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.



"BLACK EYE"

The FUNNIEST HARMLESS JOKE OUT

Hand the instrument to your victim and tell him to turn tube slowly and watch the moving pictures. The end of tube is of black felt, dipped in burnt cork. The result is deliciously funny. Send 15 eta. stamps or coin, for sample; also FREE, our Big Catalogue No. 82 of 1,000 Jokes, Novelties, Puzzles, etc.

The NEW YORK NEWS CO.
Dept. 80 15 Warren St., N. Y.

Fine Display of Heroism

A neighbor of ours, a portly gentleman, has been guiltless of any strenuous acts these many years. Recently his house caught fire. Volumes of smoke rolled in from the kitchen. Catching up his walking-stick and clapping his hat firmly on his head, he started with firm steps for the front door. As he went through the hall he shouted lustily:

"Girls! girls! Fire! Save the piano!"
—Woman's Home Companion.

Fulfilling Instructions

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered.

"Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out."

And the office-boy, gathering them all into a large waste basket, did so.—
Green Bag.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR the English-like Inn of Asheville.



Beggar: MY PARENTS DIED AND LEFT ME AN ORPHAN.

"THEY DID, EH? WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?"

**HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS**

Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

The Literary Zoo

Rhymed Reviews

The Romance of a Plain Man

(By Ellen Glasgow. The Macmillan Company.)

LET others sing the Five-Foot Shelf
Of Books to charm the Literary!
Behold a chap who raised himself
By reading Johnson's Dictionary!

For Benjy Starr, a workman's son,
Low-born within a Richmond alley,
Thus climbed to Wealth and Place,
and won
The constant heart of lovely Sally;

And she, forsooth, a Fairfax-Bländ,
The pearl of beauty, truth and free-
dom,
Could give this self-made man her
hand,
Despite the frowns of F. F. V.—
dom!

Now trouble comes. The market
slumps.

A broken bank Ben's wealth effaces,
And he is down in doleful dumps,
While Sally takes to washing faces.

A ray of light. A railroad line
(Which Benjy's creditors neglected
To swallow) proves a golden mine,
And Ben's estate is resurrected.

Immersed in schemes, averse to play,
Our Ben essays his means to double;
His bride, neglected, pines away
Of unsuspected spinal trouble.

At last, without a day to spare,
Ben learns the truth; with due con-
trition



Gillette Shaving Soap Makes a Great Difference

NO matter how you shave you want to try Gillette Shaving Stick. Use it once and you will know why thirty thousand dealers find astonishing sale for it and why everyone says it's the best shaving soap in the world at any price.

When you talk of a new shaving soap the average man thinks "the same old sixpence." He compares it in his mind with other shaving sticks that resemble it in appearance.

Gillette Shaving Stick is different. You will like it better. It makes shaving easier. It is more agreeable. The lather is profuse; bland to the skin. Easier to put on; takes hold better; stays moist longer; washes off clean. It is a perfectly pure soap—actively good to the face.

Gillette Shaving Stick is a soap of our own manufacture. Our chief object in marketing it is to help the Gillette Razor do its best work.

We are in a position of peculiar advantage to know shaving soaps. We have been studying them for years. We now have the best shaving soap that was ever made. It is on sale everywhere. Ask your dealer. Insist that he get it for you.

It is a foil wrapped stick in a nickeled box. Price, 25 cents. It is a nice box. After you have tried the soap you would buy it if it were wrapped only in piece of brown paper.

If you want the best value in a shaving brush buy the Gillette Brush—a new brush of Gillette quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber. Prices, 75c. to \$5.00.

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London Office, 17 Holborn Viaduct

GILLETTE SALES CO.

528 Kimball Building, Boston

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Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris



BROMO- SELTZER

CURES HEADACHES

10c., 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 Bottles.



He makes her health his only care,
And casts away his life's ambition.

Herein, methinks, the author tries
To teach our money-mad civilians
That high-born, cultured folk despise
The men who simply gather millions.

Perhaps, perhaps; it may be so;
But leave to Galahad the Grail-road;
For what I chiefly wish to know
Is how the Sheriff missed that rail-
road!

Arthur Guiterman.

(Continued on page 685)

3 MONTHS 25¢ FOR AND YOUR MONEY BACK

We believe THE WORLD TO-DAY is one of the best magazines published for the general reader.

Quite naturally you will say that our judgment is biased because we are its publishers, and, of course, every publisher thinks his magazine is the best and the only one worth reading.

While we have back of us the verdict of an ever increasing list of thousands of subscribers, we propose to put our opinion to a practical test.

HERE IS OUR PLAN

THE WORLD TO-DAY is 15 cents per copy—three copies 45 cents. Fill in coupon and mail us 25 cents in silver, stamps, or any equivalent for the coin of the realm, and we will send you three issues, including our big Christmas number. At the end of the three months, if you are not satisfied that we have given you big value, simply drop us a card and we will promptly **refund your money**.

We made this same offer a year ago. While thousands accepted, not one asked for a refund. Can more be said?

THE WORLD TO-DAY

is the one magazine indispensable to every home. While it is a monthly world review designed to keep the busy man or woman in touch with the world's happenings, it has still another mission—to *entertain*. To accomplish this double purpose it furnishes monthly not only a complete digest of events but many attractive articles on timely subjects, written by the foremost men and women of the day.

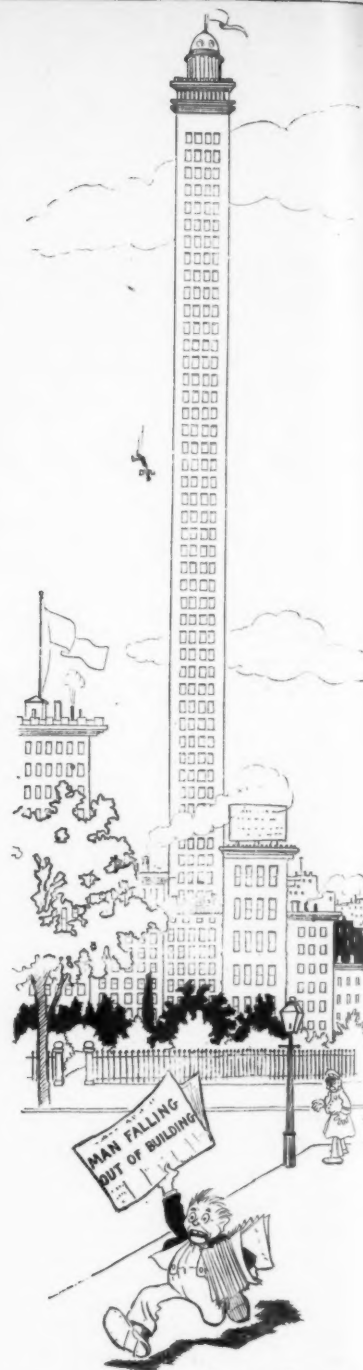
THE WORLD TO-DAY prides itself on its attractive make-up. It is *printed in colors*, and each issue is made a veritable panorama of the world by the many illustrations (more than given in any other magazine) of noted people, places and events.

The result is a publication that you will seek with joy because you will know in advance that it will afford diversion for the idle hour, and, best of all—*something worth while*.

THE WORLD TO-DAY is the only magazine of its class retailing at a popular price. In every respect a **\$3.00 magazine for but \$1.50 a year**.

THE WORLD TO-DAY
67 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Enclosed please find 25 cents for THE WORLD TO-DAY for three months. Amount to be refunded if I am not fully satisfied.



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Beware of Imitations

of the fasteners men swear by, not at—look for name

WASHBURNE

Pat. Imp.

FASTENERS

stamped on the genuine
The genuine Washburne
Fasteners are

Little, but never let go

Comfort to men in their use

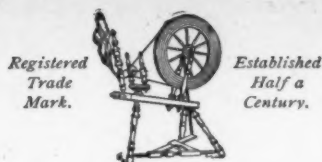
Key Chains	25c
Scarf Holders	10c
Cuff Holders	20c
Bachelor Buttons	10c

Catalogue Free. Sold Everywhere.

Sent Prepaid.

Look for the Name Washburne

AMERICAN RING COMPANY, Dept. 6, Waterbury, Conn.



New Models and Styles in Ladies' Outer Garments.

Tailored Suits with Coat and Skirt smartly tailored in very stylish models, in a variety of new rough Diagonals, Cheviots, Serges, Broadcloth and English Suitings, \$25.00, 35.00 and 45.00 each.

Three Piece Suits—These are exceptionally attractive and of the highest character, being adapted from the very best French Models; some of them are originals. Price \$85.00, 100.00, 150.00, 185.00 225.00 and upwards.

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Coats for street, traveling and afternoon wear. Also Automobile and Rain Coats. Price, \$17.50, 25.00, 35.00, 50.00, 85.00, 150.00 and up.

Waists and Blouses—Tailored Linen and Viyella Flannel Waists, Silk Waists and Lingerie Waists, \$2.50, 3.50, 5.00, 7.50, 10.00 and upwards.

Mail Orders receive our prompt attention.

James McCutcheon & Co.,
5th Ave. & 34th St., N. Y., Opposite WALDORF-ASTORIA

LIFE'S Special Subscription Offer for 1909-10

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PLAYING BRIDGE

By Balfour Ker Photogravure 20 x 15 inches

UPON receipt of your subscription for one year, at our regular rate of Five Dollars, we will be pleased to send you, with LIFE'S compliments, a special photogravure reproduction, on plate paper 20 x 15 inches, of Mr. Balfour Ker's painting, "PLAYING BRIDGE."

Some play Bridge because they like it; others, because everyone else does, and others for revenue only. With this young man it seems both necessary and pleasurable, thus furnishing a happy example of the sociologist's ideal of a really congenial occupation. We have selected it as the best picture of the year, to serve as a souvenir of LIFE to our readers.

This offer is open until April 1, 1910, and a copy of the picture will be sent on each yearly subscription entered on our mailing list before that time, in the order of its receipt.

Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st St., N. Y.

Republic Staggard Tread Tires

THIS way of grooving the tread leaves big solid rubber studs of such great surface area that this tread wears as well as a smooth tread. This is the case with no other anti-skid tire. Therefore the Staggard Tread is both a "regular use" tire and an "emergency" tire. It's always on when you come to the slippery places.

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Milwaukee - 457 Milwaukee St.
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Los Angeles - 1046 S. Main St.
Denver - 1721 Stout St.
San Francisco - 166 First St.
Toledo - 2815 Monroe St.
Indianapolis - 206 S. Illinois St.
Pittsburg - 627 Liberty Ave.
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The
Best
Cocoa
of
Them
All



As
Smooth
as
Cream
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Never
Varies

RAPIDLY becoming the popular breakfast drink, and a favorite with thousands, between meals. It agrees with all, is easily digested, and builds up the whole system. Delicious, and warming on a cold day.

MAILLARD'S VANILLA CHOCOLATE

None so Delicious. Sold by all leading Grocers

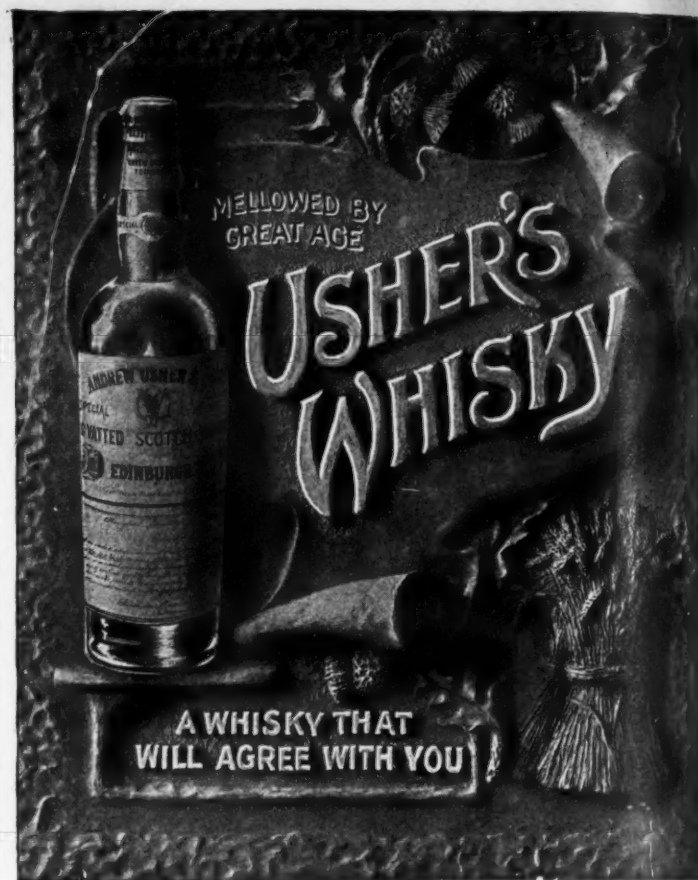
The Luncheon Restaurant—a choice resting place for ladies; afternoon tea 3 to 6

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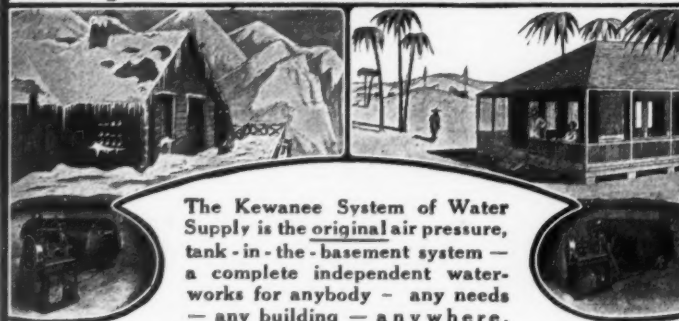
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**Running Water at Even Temperature
Irrespective of Weather, Season or Climate**



The Kewanee System of Water Supply is the original air pressure, tank-in-the-basement system—a complete independent water-works for anybody—any needs—any building—anywhere.

Our ten years of practical experience has made this the most successful of all water supply systems. There is no elevated or attic tank to freeze, overflow, leak or collapse, because the Kewanee Tank is buried in the ground or located in the cellar.

Over 10,000 Kewanee Water Systems are in successful operation today, supplying water for country and suburban residences, clubs, farms,

schools, public and private institutions, villages, etc.

The Kewanee System is not an imitation—it is not a substitute. It is the original water supply system involving the use of air pressure instead of gravity. Avoid cheap imitations and look for our trade-mark and name plates on tanks and pumping machinery. Get the genuine and you will take no chances—we guarantee that.

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"NO! I CANNOT MARRY YOU, PERCIVAL SNAIL, YOUR HOUSE WILL NEVER BE LARGE ENOUGH FOR TWO."



**Bathing under a SPEAKMAN
PORTABLE SHOWER BATH
Turns a Duty into Pleasure.**

A full size durable Shower. All metal parts are brass, heavily nickel plated.

Note the "CLIP" Faucet Attachment (Patented), which is a part of this Shower. The only mechanical device made that is secure and quickly attachable or detachable to any double bath faucet. The Shower subject to return if you are not pleased when you receive it.

Complete as shown with white duck curtain and non-bursting tubing, \$12.50. Sold by the plumbing trade in all Cities, or write us direct.

SPEAKMAN SUPPLY & PIPE CO.
Riverview Works, Wilmington, Delaware.
Mfrs. of the largest line of Showers made. New York Office, 156 Fifth Ave.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 681)

A Literary Marvel

WE had long supposed that Mr. Benson, who, when he has nothing better to do, looks out casually from his college window and forthwith contrives an essay, was easily first among the producers and salesmen of pure literature in the United Kingdom. But we had reckoned without Mr. Alfred Noyes, uniquely distinguished as the poet who makes a living. Possessed of a pretty talent in verse, his genius for getting it printed is over-topping. If Mr. Noyes had listened to the counsels of tradition he would have served an apprenticeship in plumbing or some other profitable side-line. An extra occupation for the hands has come to be regarded as well high indispensable in the case of poets. Modern psychologists, who have made almost everything perfectly clear, tell us that there is a reason for this. The melancholy and despair which afflict so many poets are not engendered by poverty or hunger. It is because the poet does not keep his hands occupied. Great is the manual labor of the novelist, journalist—playwright even: greater, too, in proportion to his lack of success. But the poet, who perhaps turns out some such trifle as a sonnet or a ballade each day, is speedily quit of his work. Trivial is the toil of transcription. Hence if the sonnet or ballade is not sold, he has far too much time to worry about it. Statistics show (what do not statistics show?) that the writers of ballades are longer lived than the makers of trios, that the sonneteer may—indeed, often does—live to an advanced old age, while the man whose specialty is the poem of one quatrain generally dies young. To keep healthfully employed a poet

Send for One of
these Free Trial
Tubes and a Package
of Test Papers

YOU can
easily
prove to
your own
satisfaction,
with the free Trial
tube, how perfectly
Pebeco cleans



and whitens the teeth; and by a very interesting experiment with the Test Papers you can demonstrate to your own eyes how Pebeco counteracts "Acid Mouth," the condition which so strongly favors decay of the teeth.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

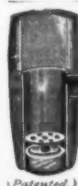
Thus, the daily use of Pebeco with your tooth brush whitens and polishes the teeth, and at the same time keeps the mouth in a healthy condition. It prevents decay by the natural method of increasing the flow of normal saliva, which is always alkaline, and the enemy of those forms of bacteria which cause decay, and which thrive only in acid surroundings.

Pebeco not only renders the mouth alkaline, or anti-acid, as it should be, but keeps it so; and while performing this valuable service is unusually efficacious as a cleanser and whitener of the teeth. It saves the enamel, brightens gold fillings and protects both against injury. Ask your dentist about it.

Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of **P. Beiersdorf & Company, Hamburg, Germany**, and is sold at all toilet goods counters in large 50c tubes. It is very economical, as only a small quantity is used at each brushing of the teeth. If your dealer will not supply you, we will mail a full-sized tube upon receipt of 50c.

LEHN & FINK, 108 William Street, New York

Also Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder



THE "KLEAN" PIPE gives you a full, clean smoke—last puff cool and fragrant as the first—no wet, poisonous nicotine can soak into the tobacco to bite your tongue or disgust your taste.

50 cts. Postpaid

Push up bottom with finger to clean off ashes and keep fire at top exposed to the air. Bottom and stem can be removed and entire pipe thoroughly cleaned. Dealers can't supply you—send to me. Price, postpaid, 50c each (two for \$1)—stamps will do—satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue mailed free.

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RELIEVES IRRITATION--PREVENTS INFLAMMATION--ASSURES COMFORT.

Write for Booklet "Shaving Essentials"

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, New York, N. Y.

should occupy his hands with the epic and dramatic form: this he must do or go to work.

But Mr. Noyes, as we have noted, is unique. Moreover, he abides in England. Deliberately adopting the career of a poet, he has kept everlastingly at it. Seven volumes of poems attest his industry and success. His epic, "Sir Francis Drake," was published in *Blackwood's* as a serial (!)—running through twenty numbers of that celebrated magazine. A feat, we fancy,

(Continued on page 686)



**Saves
1/3
The Cost
of
Your Car**

Perfect lubrication—the kind you get from Vacuum MOBILOIL—will run your car a third longer and at a third less expense than if you merely trust to “lubrication,” the common, careless, chance-taking kind.

**Vacuum
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is made in 6 different grades, one of which is made for your particular car. It saves you expense and experiment. It protects your car from friction, the hardest, costliest kind of motor wear.

A valuable booklet on motor lubrication will be sent free on application. Lists every automobile made, and shows grade of MOBILOIL necessary for its perfect lubrication. Contains track records up to date, and facts of vital interest to motorists.

MOBILOIL in barrels, and in cans with patent pouring spout, is sold by dealers everywhere. Manufactured by VACUUM OIL CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



The Literary Zoo (Continued from page 685)

quite unsurpassed in contemporary annals.

The English are a conservative people who still take literature seriously. Their zealous promotion of its cause is to be attributed—so we are reminded from time to time—to the existence of a numerous leisure class. (It is the “submerged tenth”—or fiftieth—of course, who rejoice in Mr. Caine and Miss Corelli.) But just how large is this leisure class? That so many Englishmen should be able to find the time to read all the essays of Mr. Benson and all the poems of Mr. Noyes is explicable only when we consider also the immense number of the unemployed in London. W. T. L.

Who?

WHO reads poetry? A question some persons seem never tired of asking. An interrogation now scornful, now pathetic, or de-

This Winter Go to Porto Rico

The voyage from New York is about four and a half days by our luxuriously equipped steamers. The bracing climate, tropical at a time when it is bitter cold here, makes it an ideal Winter resort.

A special cruise of three weeks can be taken from New York to and around the Island. The steamer is your hotel for the entire trip. The principal ports are visited. The cost is but \$140, covering all expenses.

Write for illustrated booklet.

The New York & Porto Rico Steamship Co.
12 Broadway, New York
Branch Ticket Office, 290 Broadway
Or RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, Principal Cities

sparing—now merely statistical and dispassionate. One might suppose that somebody would answer it, and set our minds at rest; but nobody ever does. It is a specific question demanding a specific answer, yet all we get is opinions, surmises, conjectures—occasionally jeers. Our national Government has organized another census bureau, with census takers authorized to ask all manner of impertinent questions. Its list might easily be made to include the simple query, “Do you

RAD-BRIDGE

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CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS

“An Ideal Bridge Card.” Design of back, hemstitched linen, per Sept. 24, '07. Colors: Red, Blue, Brown, Green. 25 cents per pack; gold edge 35 cents. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Illustrated catalog of Bridge accessories free. Address Dept. L. Radcliffe & Co., New York, 144 Pearl St., & London, E.C.

read poetry?” We have always thought that a census report containing really interesting information would be immensely popular.
(Continued on page 687)



MRS. DRUMMOND SMITH
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P. R. A.
In Double Overlay Mount, 34 x 26 inches



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER
BY JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER
In Double Overlay Mount, 34 x 26 inches



MRS. ROBINSON
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A.
In Double Overlay Mount, 34 x 26 inches

FOR THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

WHAT adds so much to the beauty of the home as beautiful pictures? What other factor of home decoration at once so combines the interesting and the beautiful? What memories are so keen and lasting as those of some beautiful picture? One of the world's greatest critics says:—“Nothing so directly and immediately indicates the character of a man as the pictures upon his walls. Nothing in the furnishing of a home conduces so much to refined pleasure as a collection of carefully chosen pictures—you live with them and consciously or unconsciously they are affecting your thoughts in most of the spare moments you spend with them. If, then, the art with which you furnish your home has such an important bearing upon your daily life, it behooves you to place upon your walls pictures of such a character that their effect will be beneficial and inspiring.”

The Burlington Proofs were issued two years ago in England to meet the demand for genuinely fine pictures for home decoration at a low price. The Proofs were so beautiful and at the same time so remarkably inexpensive that they immediately took a unique position as the pictures par excellence for the decoration of the home. People and press acclaimed them, and the sale to those who appreciated their rare beauty and cheapness reached into the tens of thousands. From Europe their fame spread abroad until The Burlington Proofs are now looked upon as establishing the standard of quality throughout the world.

THE BURLINGTON PROOFS ARE:

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- 4—The ideal pictures for home decoration, perfect in quality, attractive in subject, and of large size, measuring, mounted, ten times the size of this full page.



THE BIRCH, THE ROWAN AND THE PINE
AND THE GRAMPIAN HILLS
BY JOHN MAC WHIRTER, R. A.
In Double Overlay Mount, 34 x 26 inches

The Burlington Proofs comprise splendid reproductions of the greatest paintings of Frans Hals, Sir Anthony Van Dyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A., Thomas Gainsborough, R. A., George Romney, J. M. W. Turner, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir John Everett Millais, P. R. A., George Frederick Watts, R. A., Corot, Millet, Meissonier, B. W. Leader, R. A., John MacWhirter, R. A., Peter Graham, R. A., Josef Israels, James McNeill Whistler, and others of equal importance.

A Special Introductory Price has been placed on these splendid pictures which is less than one-third the price of any other pictures in any way approaching them in quality. They will be a revelation to you. They will enable you to cover the walls of your home with beautiful reproductions of the masterpieces of the greatest painters. The beautiful Catalogue will give you a hint of their rare beauty.

Send To-day for the Charming Fine Arts Mezzogravure Catalogue. A beautiful Catalogue of The Burlington Proofs in mezzogravure miniature will be sent to those interested, postpaid and free. This Catalogue contains, aside from the thirty-seven charming little miniatures of the full series of The Burlington Proofs, an article on “The Purpose of Pictures in the Home,” by Sir Martin Conway, one of the greatest of living art critics. The Catalogue and full information regarding Special Introductory Prices will be sent at once on receipt of the Coupon properly filled out. The Catalogue is a thing of rare beauty. Send for it to-day.

COUPON TO-DAY

THE DOUBLEDAY-PAGE ART COMPANY
133 E. 16th St., New York City

Dear Sirs: I am interested in The Burlington Proofs, the new pictures for home decoration, and shall be pleased to receive the Mezzogravure Catalogue of miniatures and full information regarding your Special Introductory Prices, terms, etc. (P.A.)

Write Clearly

Name in Full.....

Occupation.....

Address in Full.....

**DOUBLEDAY-PAGE
ART COMPANY**
133 East Sixteenth Street
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REINTHAL & NEWMAN
106 W. 29th St., New York City
SOLE TRADE DISTRIBUTORS

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 686)

Who reads poetry? Tossing restlessly in our bed, in a vain attempt to master the problem, we had an inspiration. The very next day we sought out an editor. "Who writes poetry?" we asked him.

"Why, pretty nearly everybody," he said. "Even Justice Stafford of the Supreme Court writes it."

"Then pretty nearly everybody must read it!" we exclaimed eagerly. At last we were on the track.

The editor smiled uneasily. Then, after an embarrassing pause: "I can only say," he said, "that all manuscripts submitted to us receive our careful attention. It is always advisable, however, to keep an extra copy."

Who reads poetry? Why, the poets, to be sure. And the editors? Perhaps. And the public? Heaven only knows.

W. T. L.

FEW of us have the courage to put the small apples at the top of the barrel.

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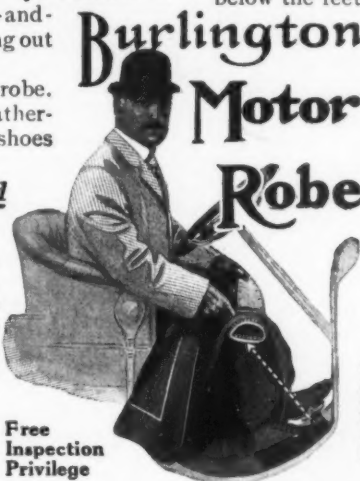
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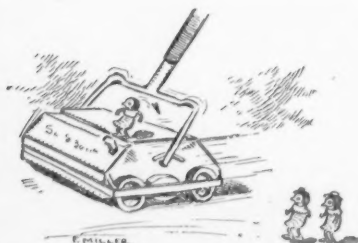
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Literature as a Last Resort

A novelist who lives near Indianapolis once engaged an individual who claimed to be a gardener. That this claim was without basis of fact was soon made evident to the employer, for the man proved well-nigh useless—so useless, in fact, that it became necessary to discharge him.

The man took his dismissal with such jaunty indifference that the novelist was somewhat nettled. "You seem rather pleased than otherwise," said he to the man.

"Oh, I ain't worryin'," was the prompt response.

"Indeed! Perhaps you won't do so well as you think. May I venture to inquire what you have in view?"

"Well," answered the gardener, "if the worst comes to the worst, I may take up writin' books. Sence I've been here I've found out it don't take such an awfully bright man as I used to think it did."—Lippincott's.

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Fritz Scheff

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Field's Description of America

Eugene Field's first visit to Europe was made soon after he had come into a considerable sum of money and while he was still a resident of St. Joseph, Mo. He had been a reporter on the St. Joseph Gazette a number of years and was becoming known on account of his verses. The legacy that had been left to him by a relative looked so large to him that he did not believe he would ever have to do newspaper work again. Little did he think that when he returned from Europe he would not have a dollar of it left, although such proved to be the case.

Field's fame had not extended to Europe at that time, but when he reached London he met friends there who introduced him in good society. He was invited to a number of receptions and met many people of note. On every occasion he was called upon to tell something about his native land, and the tales he told would have put Munchausen to shame. At one of the gatherings the subject of lynchings in America was being discussed.

"I suppose it is not unusual to see one or more lynchings every day," remarked an Englishman.

"Not at all uncommon," replied Field. "In fact, we are so accustomed to seeing people lynched that we pay little attention to hangings of that character."

"And you have seen people lynched?" inquired a horrified lady sitting beside the American poet.

"Many of them," Field answered, in a tone so assuring that it would have done credit to a liar of twice his age and experience. "The last lynching I witnessed," he continued, "was just before I sailed. I was with some friends at dinner in a café in New York. The waiter had brought us pudding that had salt in it instead of sugar. We tasted it, and then with one accord arose and strung the waiter up to the chandelier."

"Did you participate in it?" asked the awe-stricken lady in wide-eyed surprise.

"Well, no," replied Field. "I did not exactly have a part in it, for at the moment he was strung up I was down in the kitchen shooting the chef!"—Lippincott's.

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And There Are Others

The cook had been called away to a sick sister, and so the newly wed mistress of the house undertook, with the aid of the maid, to get the Sunday luncheon. The little maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee mill that would not work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Pearl. Go on with the coffee and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do they keep the soap?"—Red Hen.

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And the great question naturally arises,

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In your House had
Theirs?

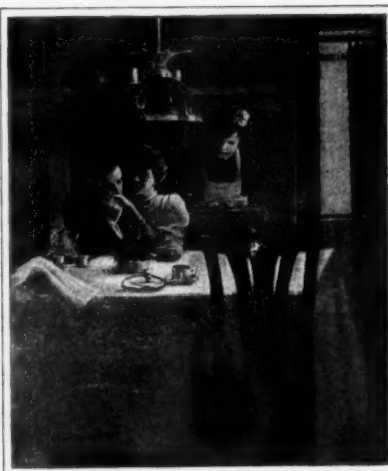
You know it's an old idea, or rather a notion, not to change things around much

Ridiculous, isn't it, when you come to think of it?

But we all do it. We come home to the same arrangement year in and year out. We're mentally lazy. We don't realize what it means to

Wake Up! Try it and see. You'll be surprised at the result. It will give you new ideas. Take that old etching handed down by your grandfather out of the front hall and put it in the corner of the living room. Move that landscape from the library into the upstairs hall. Shuffle up the photos on your bureau and try

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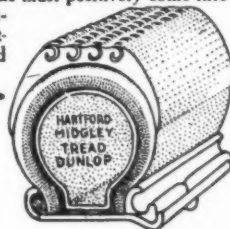
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